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ISLAND OF HONG KONG.



BAY OF HONG KONG.



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Original Communications.

A GLANCE AT HONG KONG.

"Who knows, if to the West we roam,
But we may find some 'blue at home'
Among the blacks of Carolina;
Or, flying to the Eastward, see
Some Mrs Hopkins taking tea
And toast upon the walls of China."

It was lately announced that a company of English performers had arrived at Hong Kong, and the ladies forming a part of it were all cried up as paragons of virtue. After this, a view of the favoured island, so greatly—we may say so pre-eminently—distinguished, can hardly be other than acceptable. It is supposed that some of the performances which make what are termed the "sang sings" of the Chinese will be accommodated with an English dress for the amusement of the British traders and mariners who may hereafter patronise the Hong Kong Theatre. Of these we have some curious details, both as to the construction of the dramas, and the manner in which they are represented. The chopping off of a man's head on the stage, though fiercely resisted at Covent Garden Theatre, was an approved incident at Canton. The plot of the piece in which this occurs, Wathen, who wrote on the subject thirty years ago, describes as being to this effect:—The governor of a province gave his beautiful daughter to the son of a mandarin, who was next to him in authority. Having gained the lady for his son, the mandarin malignantly applies himself to destroy the credit of the father, both at court and elsewhere. He so far succeeds that the governor is summoned to Peking, and ordered to lose his head, and the treacherous mandarin is appointed to fill his office. The son of the mandarin is deeply afflicted by the depravity of his father, and another mandarin interferes for the condemned with such effect when he is on the eve of suffering, that his pardon is granted; he is reinstated in his government, and his enemy is sentenced to die. The virtuous son, who had abhorred his father's perfidy, is deeply affected by his distress. He gains access to him in prison, changes clothes with him, and the parent flies in disguise, leaving the son to suffer in his place, which he actually does. The executioner decapitates him with his scy-metar, and "the head," says Wathen, "actually fell on the stage, the body staggered a few steps and fell also, covering the floor with blood. How this was done," he adds, "I was not informed; but I was assured that the performer received no damage. Thus ended the Chinese tragedy. A kind of epilogue was recited in praise of filial duty."

From this sketch it would seem that love is not the predominant feature of the Chinese drama. Such, from other quarters, we have been assured is the case, though jealousy and its punishments are favourite subjects with celestial theatricals. One of the stock pieces of the Pekin players is thus described by Mr Barrow:—

"A woman being tempted to murder her husband, performs the act while he is asleep by striking a small hatchet into his forehead. He appears on the stage with a large gash just above his eyes, out of which issues a profusion of blood, he falls and dies. The woman is seized, brought before a magistrate, and condemned to be flayed alive. The sentence is put in execution, and in the following act she appears upon the stage, not only naked but completely excoiated."

He describes this representation to be effected by the assumption of a thin wrapper, so coloured as to give the idea of a human form when the skin is torn off. Such an exhibition will be a rare novelty for English players. Miss Tree, now Mrs Kean, who wished to be boiled in 'The Jewess,' would of course deem skinning no ordinary treat.

In speaking of the amusements of the Chinese, which we have supposed may be appropriated to the British inhabitants of Hong Kong, we have left ourselves but little space to notice the place itself.

"The island," we read in the 'British and Colonial Review,'—"is very irregular, surrounded by numerous smaller islands, scattered over the great bay into which the Canton river flows through the Boccattigris. Its latitude, in a line drawn through the centre, is twenty-two degrees fifteen minutes north, and longitude one hundred and fourteen degrees twelve minutes east. Its average extent from east to west is about seven miles, and mean breadth from north to south four miles. The new buildings, rapidly increasing, and which will soon be enlarged into a splendid town, are on the northern side, facing the continent of China, and not more than a mile, and in one place half a mile across, from point to point. The anchorage is excellent all round it; on the south side are several convenient bays, but a heavy swell is said to set in during the south-westerly monsoon, the wind sometimes increasing to a typhoon (ta-fung, great wind). The distance of Hong Kong from Canton is 102 English miles, and from Whampoa, where foreign ships take in and discharge their cargoes, ninety miles. Whether on this account it will be considered favourable or unfavourable for mercantile residences, the traders will soon discover; but as we are to be hereafter on terms of equality and

friendship with the authorities of Canton, a nearer communication may perhaps be desirable, unless indeed it be considered in the light of a substitute for Macao, in which case the old system of having factories in the suburbs of Canton may perhaps be resorted to. At any rate, as Hong Kong has been ceded in perpetuity to the crown of Great Britain, it must become a general mart for trade of all descriptions, where merchandise for sale or such as may be purchased can be safely warehoused."

ANTIQUITIES OF WALTHAM ABBEY.

THE accidents and coroner's inquests given in the newspapers cannot find a place here, but the locality of any event which commands public attention, interests most readers. Waltham Abbey, in the last week, became the scene of a tragedy, which in a moment dismissed seven fellow creatures from existence, and, in consequence, the town and its antiquities have since been forced on the notice of many by whom they were never regarded before.

Though the abbey no longer exists which once gave this town its importance, a portion of the ancient edifice remains to attest the grandeur of the original pile, while it offers a commodious temple for divine worship at the present day. The first religious foundation on this spot was a church for two priests, built by Tovy, *stalhere*, or standard bearer to Canute the Second, who first established a village here, on account of the conveniences it afforded for hunting in the neighbouring forest. The abbey was founded by the unfortunate Harold, son of Earl Godwin, in consequence of a grant from Edward the Confessor, upon condition that he should build a monastery in memory of him and his queen Editha. He was anxious to enrich the structure he engaged to raise with relics of many holy apostles, martyrs, and confessors, evangelical books, and appropriate ornaments, and also institute a small society of brethren, subjected to canonical rules. The monastery was raised, and Harold, in the year 1062, dedicated it to the honour of a certain holy cross, discovered, as the legend declares, by a carpenter in the west, and found to be possessed of miraculous powers, which it retained after it had been brought to England. In a manuscript referred to by Mr Morant as being in the Cotton Library (Julius, d. iv. 2) it is thus mentioned, "*De miraculo crucis in monteauto per fabrum inventa tempore Canuti, et de ejus deductione ad Waltham.*" The new abbey was endowed with a sufficiency for the maintenance of a dean and eleven secular black canons. Harold, every one knows, afterwards ascended the throne, and lost his life in that

great battle fought at Hastings, which made William, Duke of Normandy, King of England. The body of the vanquished monarch was buried here. It was only at the urgent intercession of his mother that this poor boon was granted by the monarch, backed as her prayer was by two pious monks belonging to the abbey. At a future day, it will be remembered, he whose obdurate nature could thus almost deny the victim of his ambition a grave, when he himself had paid the debt of nature, was authoritatively arrested in his way to the tomb. Harold's two brothers, who fell with him at Hastings, were also buried here.

Maud, the first queen of Henry the First, gave to the abbey the mill at Waltham. His second queen made some donations in its favour, as did many other persons of wealth and consideration. Henry the Second enlarged its foundation in order to expiate the sinful part he had acted in prompting the murder of Thomas à Becket, and changed it from a society of seculars, to a monastery of regulars, for an abbot and sixteen monks of the order of St Augustine, which is believed to have made his peace at Rome. Henry's charter aimed at accomplishing a much-desired reform, as the secular canons had given offence by their dissolute conduct. For them, men were now to be substituted of holy conversation and praiseworthy opinions.

A weekly market and a fair were established at Waltham Abbey in the time of Henry the Third, who frequently resided there. Great privileges were granted to the town in the time of Edward the Third, two fairs being established at Waltham, as also one at Epping, and one at Takely. At the time of its suppression, the revenue of the abbey was, according to Dugdale, 1,079l. 12s. 1d. per annum; Speed makes it only 900l. 4s. 3d. Its site was granted by Edward the Sixth to Sir Anthony Denny. By purchase and grant he had previously acquired most of its possessions. In the time of Charles the Second, the abbey house and lands were sold to Sir Samuel Jones, of Northamptonshire. The house was taken down in 1770.

It is the western part of the ancient abbey which now forms the parish church. The lofty walls and semi-circular arches indicate its origin, and, damaged as it has been by time, and disfigured by injudicious repairs, there is something most venerable and striking in its appearance. This was especially felt on Saturday last, when, though the day had not quite reached its close, the "dim religious light" which entered was so feeble that a gloom, not inappropriate, was thrown on the mournful spectacle then presented, when no fewer than six coffins, containing the shattered remains of the sufferers by the late explosion,

were arranged in one line awaiting the solemn service reserved for such occasions: "And the last words which dust to dust conveyed."

The height of the building is eighty-nine feet from the foundation to the battlements of the tower, on which the date of 1558 appears. It is ninety feet long, and about forty-eight broad. Some remarkable and ancient monuments are found within its walls. Originally, the building must have been of very great magnitude, as king Harold's tomb, in what was then the east end of the choir, is said to have stood one hundred and twenty feet east of the present building.

THE PYED PIPER.

A SINGULAR legend is preserved in the Duchy of Brunswick. The awful event which it preserves is reported to have occurred on the 23rd of July, 1396. It tells that, "near Hamelin, there is a mountain, which is also called Hamelin, to which the 'Pyed Piper,' on the day, month, and year first above written, is said to have led the children of Halberstadt, where they all sunk, and were never more seen." The cause of this awful catastrophe is said to have been this:—Halberstadt being troubled with rats, as much as that great monarch was with mice, who, about the same date, was released from the inconvenience by Lord-Mayor-Whittington's cat, a musician, called the "Pyed Piper," a stranger in the neighbourhood, suddenly appeared, and undertook, for a large sum of money, to destroy them. This being agreed upon, he tuned his pipes, and all the rats in the town, dancing after him, were drowned in the next river. He then asked for his reward, which was not forthcoming; "whereupon," proceeds this veritable history, "he striketh up a new fit of mirth; all the children, male and female, of the town follow him into the hill Hamelin, which presently closed again. The parents miss their children, and could never hear news of them." The most awful part is to come. "Since that time," an ancient chronicler adds, "the people of Halberstadt permit not any drum or pipe, or other instrument, to be sounded in their streets!" Nor was this all: "they established a decree, that in all writings of contract or bargain, after the date of our Saviour's Nativity, the date of this their Children's Transmigration should be added, *in rei memoriam*."

ANCIENT AND MODERN CEMETERIES.

THOSE who favour "meditations among the tombs" must recognize as one of the improvements of the age in which we live, the alteration witnessed in connexion with

the interment of the dead. Great was the labour of those who first laboured to accomplish this object, and plentiful the ridicule which fell on them while they were so engaged. To commit a corpse to the grave anywhere but in a crowded, small churchyard, or in a nook surrounded with houses, was supposed to be a piece of French frivolity, and it was sneeringly proposed that a band should be engaged, and young ladies, dressed in white, to dance Strathspey reels at the new establishments. These jibes were for a time completely successful, and common sense was laughed out of countenance. Still those who aimed at relieving the living from a nuisance, by providing the dead with a secure and decorous resting-place, did not give up the object which they had in view. They persevered till at length they triumphed over every difficulty, and the Kensall-Green Cemetery was established by Act of Parliament.

The interests of the church were seriously affected by the new scheme, and it was not till after much deliberation that a point was discovered which would secure to the clergy what they could fairly claim, though not so much as incumbents in some districts had been accustomed to receive. It is, however, hardly too much to expect that they will be duly rewarded in the fullness of time for any present sacrifice, as the improved health of the metropolis will be likely to give them, in births and marriages, an increase that will more than make up for any falling off in their churchyard dues.

It was not easy to find land in a convenient situation that could be obtained for burial ground. When at last the Kensall-Green establishment was formed, even then the cares of the projectors were not small. The public were slow to sanction a funeral away from the parish church in which their forefathers had reposed. This was a prejudice not confined to weak-minded men. It was one that was generally felt, and it had been nourished by the habits of successive generations through many centuries. The contracted edifices of former days were held in great reverence, and supposed to be still more sacred, from the relics of saints or other venerated objects which they contained. In the will of Henry the Seventh he mentions some of the treasures of Westminster Abbey, among them "one grate piece of the holie crosse, which, by the high provision of our Lord God, was conveyed, brought, and delivered to us from the Isle of Cyo, in Greece, set in gold, and garnished with pearls and precious stones; and also the precious relic of one of the legs of St George, set in silver parcel gilt, which came into the hands of our broder and cousyne Lewys of France the time that he

wan and recovered the city of Millein, and given and sent to us by our cousyne the Cardinal of Amboise."

The beauty of the spot selected for the cemetery in the Harrow road greatly favoured the views of the directors. It was soon obvious that success was certain, and cemeteries were rapidly multiplied on all sides of the metropolis. The first, however, still proudly takes the lead. It was natural to expect that it would. The numerous costly tombs which have already been set up prove that it will at no distant day stand hardly second to the cemetery of Pere le Chaise, near Paris. Some of the mausoleums which it contains have cost little less than 2,000*l*.

There are philosophers who care nothing for their mortal remains when the spirit shall have taken its flight; but this is anything but the general feeling. That wise and accomplished man Sir Walter Raleigh did not think it beneath him to take some thought of the spot where his form might "calm recline" when the headsman's axe should have performed its part. Of this we have evidence in the epitaph which he wrote upon himself:—

"Even such is time, which takes in trust

Our youth and joys and all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;

Which in the dark and silent grave,

When we have wandered all our ways,

Shuts up the story of our days;

And from which earth, and grave, and dust,

The Lord shall raise me up, I trust."

Such an inscription would not have been prepared for his tomb, by his own hand, if he had not desired to have one in some place where it might be read. Before his time, the care, we had almost said of renewing mortality, but at least, of renewing the means of preserving the buried forms of the departed, was deemed a matter of great importance. A writ for renewing the wax or cere-cloth (*cera renovanda*) around the body of Edward the First is still preserved. This led to the tomb being examined in 1774 by Sir Joseph Ayloffe and other antiquaries. The royal corpse was found wrapped in a fine linen cere-cloth, closely fitted to every part of the fingers and the face; from the waist downwards the remains were covered with a cloth of figured gold, which reached to the feet and was tucked beneath them.

To trace the varieties of devices connected with the grave which have been thought expedient, or not inappropriate, in comparatively modern times, would be amusing; but they can hardly be thought necessary to show that cemetery burial is really an improvement on the ancient practice. Let not the advocate for the old system enlarge on the awful solemnity of the church while glancing at the careless lolling attitudes of heroes in flowing

periwigs, the groups of Pagan deities, or the representations of horrible monsters, admitted there as funeral ornaments. The frieze of the Abbey, however clever the devices, can hardly assist devout reflection when we see the Devil dancing on money bags in one place, the same personage winking at a thief in another, or a gross burlesque on the miraculous restoration of sight to the blind in a third. Such peculiarities do not lend additional solemnity to the most solemn of all ceremonies.

As yet such anomalies have not appeared in the new cemeteries, which are now fast gaining the approbation of the upper classes, as is clearly established by the number of peers buried in the open ground at Kensal Green. The general arrangements are such as greatly suit the convenience of those who have lost friends or relatives. The remains can be left in a vault, without expense, till the mourner has leisure to decide what memorial he will raise. No charge is made for permission to erect one, and the tombs are arranged in departments, so that one built at a moderate expense, shall not be rendered insignificant from its standing in the vicinity of a costly neighbour.

The members of any sect, it ought to be added, can have the services of their own minister. On a late occasion a protest was made against the church service being performed. This was purely for the sake of gratifying the spectators with a scene, as the parties had only to take the remains a few paces from that spot, into the unconsecrated ground, and they would have been permitted to commit them to the earth in the way which they deemed most becoming, without obstruction or remark.

On a future occasion we purpose taking a general view of the monuments which already grace the cemetery. In such a scene there is something to come home to every one. In the words of the Laureat of Henry the Eighth it may be remarked:

"Death is too doleful which doth joyne,

The high estate full lo;

Which couplest greatest things with least,

And last with first also.

"No man hast been in world alive,

Nor any there may be,

Which can escape the dart of Death;

Needs hence depart must we.

"O noble and victorious man!

Trust not unto thy strength,

For all are subject unto death,

And all must leave at length."

Four centuries ago the resting places of the departed were in some instances very fancifully decorated. The cemetery called "Pardon Church Haw," near St Paul's, had painted round its cloisters the "Dance of Death," in which "the last enemy" was seen busily attacking all classes, the rich, the poor, the young, the old, the beggar, and the King.

THE SYBILS OF ANTIQUITY.

MUCH has been written on the subject of the ancient propheteesses, whose predictions are supposed, among Pagan nations, to have been received with implicit credit and awful veneration. Such remains of their breathings as have been handed down to modern times are in many instances wild and incoherent, and often at variance with truth; but that they were altogether false, or that those from whom they emanated were insane or deliberate impostors, admits of serious doubt. If they drew largely on imagination, and were frequently in error, that does not prove them to have been cheats throughout. Some esteemed names in the early Christian church treated them with great respect. Eusebius and St Austin refer to the verses of the Erythrean sybil, which announced the coming of the Saviour of mankind, as entitled to the serious consideration of all pious worshippers.

Some of their chants seem to have been designed to warn men from evil. To give them greater effect, they were delivered with much theatrical pomp, and with an extravagance of manner which passed for inspiration. An anxious wish, not to delude, but to render their admonitions deeply impressive, may have prompted that excess of animation which we should now denounce as frantic folly, or hateful trickery. Standing on a stone on some spot deemed sacred, the sybil undertook to expound the will of Heaven, and to direct the thoughts and actions of mankind. The theatrical gesticulation and manner, assumed on these occasions, the enthusiasts possibly deemed necessary to the due performance of their duty to their fellow-creatures, or, self-deceived, really supposed themselves the privileged and highly-gifted expounders of the Eternal will.

Their denunciations were often sufficiently portentous, as will be seen from Whiston's translation of some of the fragments still extant. One of them reads thus:—

"If you will not be persuaded, men of an evil heart, but love unrighteousness, and receive these advices with a perverse mind, a fire will come into the world, and these signs shall appear in it, swords, and the sound of a trumpet, when the sun rises, and all the world shall hear a bellowing and vehement noise, and the earth shall burn; and after the fire hath destroyed all mankind, and all cities, and rivers and seas, shall be soot and ashes, and God shall extinguish this immense fire, which he had kindled. Out of those bones and ashes which remain God shall again form men; and when he hath made them as they were before, then shall the judgment be; in which God shall act

justly, judging the world, and those men who have lived wickedly the earth shall cover them; but they who are righteous shall live again on the earth, God giving the pious spirit and life, and sufficient provisions; and then all men shall see themselves. Most happy is the man who shall be in being at that time."

MEDITATIONS ON PUNCH.

M. CHARLES MODEER, perhaps, is the man who, more than any other writer, has successfully laboured to swell the renown of Punch. Most solemn and profound is what he has already given to the public; but more, it will be seen, may be expected from this ingenious Frenchman:—

"If," says he, "I ever live to finish my great work on Punch, its importance, I hope, will be estimated by a single trait which I may refer to without vain pride, as without false modesty. Bayle adored Punch. Bayle passed the happiest hours of his laborious life before Punch's house, his eyes fixed on those of Punch, his mouth opened with a gentle smile at his gibberish; his hands in his pockets, like the rest of Punch's audience. That Pierre Bayle, whom ye know; Bayle, the advocate-general of philosophers, the prince of critics; Bayle, the biographer of the whole world, in four volumes folio—even he has not dared to write the biography of Punch. I do not mean, by this allusion, to insinuate my own praise. Civilization was then in its progress, but its advent had not come. It was the fault of civilization, and not of Bayle. Punch required a century worthy of himself. If the present be not the right one, I despair of it.

"Our ignorance as to the more private points of Punch's life was one of the necessary conditions of social supremacy. Punch, who knows all things, had long reflected on the instability of our political and religious faith. It was he undoubtedly who suggested to Byron the idea, that systems of belief did not last more than 2,000 years, and Punch was not the man to be satisfied with 2,000 years of popularity as a legislator or founder of a sect. Punch, whose motto is, "*Odi profanum vulgus*,"* perceived that solemn subjects demanded a corresponding reserve, and that their authority declined in proportion as they stooped to vulgar capacities. Punch thought, like Pascal (if, indeed, it was not Pascal rather who thought like Punch), that the weak side of the highest historical reputations was, that they touched the earth with their feet. Punch, logician as he always is, has never touched

* Punch, however, M. Modeer does not allow the sentence to finish as in Horace, "*et arce*."—Ed. Mirror.

the earth with his feet; he never shows his feet. It is from tradition only, and from ancient monuments, that we know, with any certainty, that he wears shoes. You will not meet Punch in coffee-houses and ball-rooms, like an every-day great man, nor at the opera, like a patronizing sovereign who comes complaisantly once a week to satisfy the multitude of his material identity. Punch understands better the duty of a power which exists only by opinion. He wisely confines himself to his lofty eminence; and none would wish to see him elsewhere, so well is the locality adapted for the convenience of the public, so happily exposed to the action of the visual rays of the spectator. Punch aspires not proudly to occupy the capital of a pillar, he knows too well how easily a man may fall; neither will he descend, like Peter of Provence, to the ground floor: for Punch upon the pavement, he knows, would be little more than man.

"There are sophists (for such are never wanting in these days of Paradox) who will boldly maintain to you that Punch perpetuates himself from age to age in the shape of the grand Lama, under forms always similar, in individuals always new, as if the prodigality of nature were sufficient for the constant reproduction of a Punch! It is now, to my great regret, nearly half a century since I first saw Punch. Since then I have seen nothing, meditated on nothing, but Punch, and I declare in the sincerity of my conscience—there has never been but one Punch. I have yet to learn, indeed, how the world could contain two.

"Punch's secret, so long sought after, consists in adroitly concealing himself under a curtain, which can be raised only by his familiar, like that of Isis; in covering himself with a veil pervious only to his priests; and, in fact, more than one point of resemblance presents itself between the priests of Isis and the high priest of Punch. His power lies in mystery, like that of the talismans, which lose their charm the moment the secret is communicated. Punch, palpable to the senses like Apollonius of Tyana, like St Simon, like Debruaie, would have been merely a philosopher, a rope dancer, or a prophet. But the Punch of the imagination occupies the culminating point of modern society. He shines in the zenith of civilization, or rather the perfection of civilization expresses itself entirely in Punch; for if it be not there, I know not where it is.

"I have already stated that Punch is eternal, or rather I have merely reminded you of it, the eternity of Punch being, thank Heaven, one of those dogmas which have been the least contested within my knowledge. I have read at least all the works of religious polemics which have

been written, and I have not met with a word which could throw a doubt on the unquestionable eternity of Punch, which is attested by monumental, written, and oral tradition. As to the first, his image has been found, a striking resemblance, among the excavations in Egypt. How, in fact, could any one be deceived as to the likeness of Punch? The authenticity of the portrait is at least as well attested as that of the autographic Testament of Sesostris, which has lately been picked up somewhere, to the great satisfaction of people of taste, who could no longer have done without the Testament of Sesostris. In regard to written tradition, it does not ascend so high; but we know that Punch existed by name at the date of the creation of the Academy, which shares with him the privilege of immortality by letters patent from the king. It is true that Punch was not a member of the Academy, and that he is spoken of rather slightly in their Dictionary; but that is easily explained by the irritation of feeling produced by competition among these illustrious rivals. As to oral tradition, you will meet with no man old enough to recollect Punch younger than he is at this moment, or who heard his great grandfather even speak of another Punch. The cradle of Jupiter has been found in the island of Crete, but never yet the cradle of Punch. We grow old for ever round Punch, who flourishes in immortal youth. Dynasties pass; kingdoms fall; peerages, with more vitality in them than kingdoms, are swept away; the newspapers which have destroyed them will be destroyed themselves for want of subscribers.—What do I say? Nations are effaced from the earth; religions disappear in the abyss of the past, following after religions which have preceded them; the *Opera Comique* has been twice shut up—but Punch, never: Punch still flogs the same infant—Punch still beats the same wife—Punch shall hang to-morrow the hangman whom he hanged to-day. This, however, in no way justifies the accusations of cruelty which have been thrown out against his character. His innocent severity is exercised only on beings of wood.

"Punch is invulnerable. The invulnerability of the hero of Ariosto is less clearly proved than that of Punch. I know not whether his heel remained concealed in his mother's hand when he was plunged into Styx: but what matters it to Punch, whose heels no mortal ever saw? What, at least, is certain, and what all the world may satisfy themselves of at this moment on the *Place de Chatelet*, if there are still some noble spirits who take an interest in such inquiries, is, that Punch, thrashed by policemen, assassinated by braves, and carried off by the devil, reappears infallibly a

quarter of an hour afterwards, in his dramatic cage, as gay, gallant and frisky as ever, dreaming of nothing but clandestine amours and tricks upon travellers. '*Polichinelle est mort—Vive Polichinelle.*' This

is the phenomenon which suggested the idea of legitimacy. Montesquieu would have mentioned it if he had known it, but one cannot know everything."

BOTTLES THROWN INTO THE SEA.

THE practice of throwing bottles into the sea has been a good deal resorted to, with a view of forming a theory of the tides. Little success has attended the experiments, as the results are so varied that no general conclusion can be drawn from them. We subjoin a collection of dates of throwing

overboard, and of recovering bottles so dealt with. Generally, it would seem, they turn up between one and two years. A year and seventeen days is the shortest period within which a bottle thrown into the sea has again come to hand; and in one instance the interval extended to 15 years 285 days.

| Ships. | Where Left. | | | Where Found. | | Interval. | |
|-----------------|---------------|-----------|----------|-------------------|--------------|-----------|-------|
| | When. | Lat. N. | Long. W. | Coast. | When. | | |
| | | | | | | Yrs. | Days. |
| Carshalton Park | 27 July, 1827 | 48.6 | 10.3 | France | 21 Dec. 1837 | 10 | 146 |
| Emerald | 17 Dec. 31 | 36.7 | 12.5 | Anegada | 8 Jan. 33 | 1 | 22 |
| Lady Louisa | 2 Feb. 30 | 45.0 | 13.7 | France | 14 Oct. 39 | 9 | 254 |
| Symmetry | 9 June 25 | Mad. eira | | Turk's Island | 9 June, 35 | 10 | — |
| Flora | 29 July, 40 | 43.9 | 18.6 | Cuba | 1 April, 42 | 1 | 246 |
| Kate | 27 June, 25 | 24.0 | 19.0 | Cuba | 28 Nov. 26 | 1 | 154 |
| Fanny | 16 Feb. 12 | 30.0 | 23.0 | Pensance | 4 March, 13 | 1 | 25 |
| Thunder | 24 July, 33 | 28.4 | 25.5 | Bahamas | 12 Dec. 34 | 1 | 141 |
| C. Dunmore | 8 March, 23 | 27.4 | 28.0 | Bahamas | 19 May, 29 | 1 | 72 |
| Two Brothers | 21 Nov. 26 | 17.0 | 26.0 | Crooked Island | 8 Dec. 27 | 1 | 17 |
| Wellington | 10 April, 36 | 15.3 | 27.4 | North-west Azores | 21 March, 40 | 3 | 346 |
| Isabella | 2 April, 35 | 23.3 | 37.8 | Tortola | 13 Sept. 36 | 1 | 164 |
| J. Cropper | 10 Jan. 24 | 48.3 | 38.1 | Mount's Bay | 12 Feb. 25 | 1 | 33 |
| Blonde | 28 Sept. 26 | 43.5 | 38.5 | France | 15 June, 42 | 15 | 285 |
| Three Sisters | 29 July, 24 | 41.0 | 42.0 | Mount's Bay | 12 Oct. 25 | 1 | 86 |
| Opossum | 2 June, 39 | 27.2 | 42.0 | Bahamas | 22 May, 42 | 2 | 354 |
| Albion | 20 Oct. 36 | 41.3 | 43.9 | Hebrides | 7 Nov. 38 | 2 | 18 |
| Blonde | 28 Sept. 26 | 43.5 | 38.5 | France | 16 June, 41 | 14 | 261 |
| Hecla | 16 June, 19 | 58.2 | 46.9 | Teneriffe | 29 July, 21 | 2 | 43 |
| Egardon Castle | 7 July, 25 | 45.7 | 47.0 | Andros Island | 10 May, 29 | 3 | 297 |
| Sarah | 29 May, 25 | 49.0 | 48.2 | Somerset | 14 April, 36 | 10 | 321 |
| Alexander | 27 May, 18 | 59.1 | 52.3 | Staffa | 28 July, 19 | 1 | 63 |
| Alexander | 29 May, 18 | 62.0 | 54.0 | Donegal | 19 July, 19 | 1 | 21 |
| J. Esdaile | 28 July, 21 | 36.9 | 71.8 | Lancashire | 5 Dec. 22 | 1 | 130 |
| Lark | 29 Nov. 38 | 25.5 | 79.3 | Madeira | 2 Oct. 40 | 3 | 308 |
| Lark | 31 Jan. 38 | 20.7 | 85.6 | Galveston | 26 May, 39 | 1 | 115 |

A False Messiah.—In the year 1666 a person at Smyrna gave out that he was the Messiah. Many Jews professed to believe him. His name was Sabatai Levi, that at least he allowed to be his earthly appellation. The Grand Seigneur, on learning his pretensions, demanded a proof of his divine power by the performance of a miracle. He required him to submit to be shot at with ball, and declared, if he escaped without injury, his scepticism would then be removed. The impostor declined the offer, and, to escape punishment, embraced the Mahometan religion. The Jews, however, gave out that the true Messiah had returned to heaven, and had only left the shadow of his mortal form in the apostate Levi.

Proposed Visit after Death.—Voltaire often spoke of death with levity. To one gentleman he promised a visit in London, but said it would be after his death, for as there were twenty ghosts in 'Macbeth' he did not see why he might not push in among them.

Important Days.—Many persons have belief in lucky and unlucky days. Louis the Sixteenth considered the 21st of the month an important day for him. On the 21st of April, 1770, he was married to Marie Antoinette, whose unpopularity perhaps caused him, in the sequel, to perish on a scaffold. On the 21st of June, in the same year, at a fête given in honour of their union, fifteen hundred lives were lost. On the 21st of January, 1791, he was arrested at Varennes; on the 21st of September, 1792, he was formally dethroned, and on the 21st of January following he lost his head by the guillotine.

Knowledge of the World.—The confidential confession of Racine to his son is remarkable:—"Do not think that I am sought after by the great for my dramas. I never allude to my works with men of the world, but I amuse them with matters they like to hear. My talents with them consists, not in making them feel that I have any, but in showing them that they have."—*D'Israeli.*



Arms. Or, a cross fretty, sa. surmounted of a bend, gu. thereon another engr., or charged with three bombs of the first, fired, ppr.; over all, on a fesse, wavy, az., the word "Trafalgar" in gold letters; on a chief unduated, ar.; the waves of the sea, from which a palm-tree issue out between a disabled ship on the dexter, and a ruined battery on the sinister, all ppr. *Crest.* First, on a naval crown, or, the chelengk, or plume of triumph, presented to the first lord by the Grand Seigneur; second, the stern of a Spanish line of battle-ship, floatant upon waves, all ppr., inscribed under the gallery, "San Josef." *Motto.* Over this last crest, "Faith and works." *Supporters.* Dexter, a sailor sustaining with his exterior hand a ship's pennant, and with his interior, a palm branch, all ppr.; sinister, a lion rampant, regardant, holding in the mouth the tri-coloured flag depressed, of the French republic, and the Spanish flag, in the dexter paw a palm branch, all ppr. *Motto.* "Palnam qui meruit ferat." Let him who has deserved it bear the palm.

THE NOBLE FAMILY OF NELSON.

THE family of Nelson owes not its lustre to remote antiquity. William Nelson, of Denham Parva, in Norfolk, dying in January, 1713, left with other children the Rev. Edmund Nelson, who dying in 1747, left a son of the same name, who was also in the church. It was his third son, Horatio, who raised the name of the family to the high rank which it now justly claims.

A full biography of the great man who must always be looked back to as the founder of this family, would require us to transcribe volumes of the proudest achievements recorded in the history of England. His triumphs were so many, and they have been so ably recorded, that here to do more than name them would be folly. Some passages of the less brilliant, and consequently less known parts of his career, may perhaps be more advantageously selected, as they will show that if

"The path of glory leads but to the grave,"

it is one that cannot be trodden without painful checks and mortifying disappointments even by the possessor of a mind like that which animated Lord Nelson. It will also show that patience and determination conquer obstacles which at first appear to be insuperable.

Horatio Nelson was born September 29th, 1758. He was the third son of the Rev. Edmund Nelson, of Burnham Thorpe, in Norfolk, and was sent to the High school at Norwich, and afterwards to North Walsham. His constitution was delicate; but when only twelve years of age, learning that his uncle, Captain Manners Suckling, was appointed to the 'Raisable,' of 84 guns, he expressed a wish to go to sea, which was not opposed by his family. The

uncle being written to on the subject, gave the following sailor-like answer:—"What has poor Horatio done, who is so weak, that he above all the rest should be sent to rough it out at sea? But let him come, and the first time we go into action a cannon ball may knock off his head and provide for him at once."

In the spring of 1771 he was sent to join the ship, then in the Medway. When he got on board he found the Captain had not arrived; and he remained there all day unnoticed by any one. This dispirited him, and the first days of his service he painfully remembered through life.

Captain Suckling being appointed to a guardship, the 'Raisable' having been paid off, he sent his nephew, for the sake of more active service, to the West Indies in a merchantman. Nelson subsequently sailed under Captain Phipps, as coxswain, on an expedition of discovery towards the North pole. We next find him in the 'Sea-horse,' of 20 guns, under Captain Farmer, in a squadron dispatched to India commanded by Sir Edward Hughes. He thus braved every climate, and was careful to make himself minutely acquainted with every part of a sailor's duty. He returned from India in the 'Dolphin,' in 1776, with Captain Pigot. His health had been much shaken, and his spirits were greatly depressed. Hope however soon returned. He resolved "to be a hero," and seized every opportunity that offered for courting distinction. His growing merit began to command attention, and he was raised to the rank of post-captain in 1779. He was then appointed to the 'Hinchinbroke.' He sailed to Jamaica, whence he was dispatched with Captain Despard, who afterwards suffered death for high treason, against Fort St Juan, in the gulf of Mexico. In

this service he and Despard were distinguished for their gallantry; but the fatal effects of climate rendered their triumphs of little avail. Nelson returned to Jamaica in declining health. He was happily relieved from that dangerous station, being appointed to the 'Janus,' of 44 guns.

In 1782 he sailed with a convoy from Quebec to New York, where he became known to Prince William Henry, afterwards King William the Fourth, who conceived a great esteem for him. After the peace, the Americans claiming to trade as formerly with our West India islands, Nelson, in opposition to some of the governors, ordered them to depart in eight-and-forty hours. Admiral Sir Richard Hughes sided with the governors. Nelson then said within himself, "I must now disobey my orders, or disobey acts of parliament," and determined on doing the former, believing that his country would protect him. The Admiral was at first incensed, and thought of superseding him, but convinced in the end that he had issued illegal orders, he applauded Nelson for pointing out his error. The latter was greatly mortified to find that Sir Richard was thanked by the government for his conduct on this occasion, which we have shown was exactly the opposite of what it would have been but for the determined resistance of Nelson, of whom no notice was taken.

On the 11th of March, 1787, he married Mrs Nisbet, the widow of Dr Nisbet, of the island of St Nevis, a lady then only in her eighteenth year. Prince William Henry gave the bride away. He returned to England, and was kept at the Nore in the 'Boreas' five months, which was used as a receiving ship. This so disgusted him that he had serious thoughts of throwing up his commission. His resentment was appeased, but from not being actively employed his discontent returned. At length, no longer forgotten, on the 30th January, 1793, he became captain of the 'Agamemnon,' of 64 guns.

Under Lord Hood he was concerned in many brilliant affairs; but he still felt that though praised by his commanders he was not duly rewarded. "For service," said he, "in which I have been wounded, others have been praised who were actually in bed at the time, and far from the scene of action. But never mind, I'll have a gazette of my own."

He was, however, soon advanced to the rank of rear-admiral, and triumph followed triumph. In the great battle off Cape St Vincent, in 1797, he was eminently distinguished. In July the same year he lost his right arm in an attack on Santa Cruz, and immediately after amputation commenced his official letters. On the 1st of August, 1798, he gained the memorable battle of the Nile. For this he was created

a baron, with a pension of 2,000*l.* for three lives. He was not satisfied with this, as others had received higher honours in the peerage, whose services he thought had been less important.

In the battle of Copenhagen, 1801, Nelson greatly contributed to the victory. A signal for leaving off action was hoisted by Sir Hyde Parker. "No, d—n me if I do," said he. "You know, Foley," speaking to his captain, "I have only one eye, and have a right to be blind sometimes. D—n the signal; hoist mine for closer battle. That is the way I answer such signals." Happily his judgment was equal to his courage. For his services in this engagement he was made a viscount. His last unequalled triumph at Trafalgar, October 21st, 1805, crowned his fame, but unhappily closed his life. He died with these words on his lips, "Thank God, I have done my duty."

His brother, the second viscount, was created Earl Nelson, Nov. 20th, 1805.

THE PLAYHOUSE IN THE TIME OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

"PLAYHOUSE hours, in the roaring days of the Restoration, were adapted to the habits of the court, where early dinners, late promenades, and champagne suppers prevailed. The usual dinner hour, in the reign of Elizabeth, was eleven o'clock, an almost incomprehensible achievement, hardly credible, indeed, in this age, if we had not the example of a great part of Germany before us, where even now dinner is never later than twelve. By degrees this primitive custom was gradually relaxed: and as the dissipated companions of the King could not be expected to be very early risers, there was no great difficulty in bringing later dinners into fashion. Two o'clock was, probably, the utmost stretch of the innovation. The play began at four. Citizens and people belonging to the middle classes went early to enjoy the whole entertainment; but the fops and gallants, gathering in from the coffee-houses towards the close of the evening, never made their appearance till the last act, and when they did come, they not only paid no regard to the play, but completely diverted the attention of the audience from the stage by the clatter of their conversation. Sedley pointedly refers to these usages in a prologue, which gives us a curious peep into the interior of the theatre:—

'Here gallants do but pay us for your room,
Bring, if you please, your own brisk wit from home;
Proclaim your drunken frays three benches round—
* * * * *
We take all in good part, and never rage;
Though the shrill pit be louder than the stage.
* * * * *
Now you come hither but to make your court;
Or from adjacent coffee-houses throng
At our fourth act, for a new dance or song.'

The comedies usually ended with a dance, which was the grand attraction for the 'men about town,' and formed a very important

popular item in the theatrical bill of fare. The allusion to the 'frays' in the pit indicates another common vice of the time. It was by no means a rare thing for quarrels to be decided there that had originated elsewhere, and scarcely a night passed that a brawl of some sort did not arise in that turbulent quarter. Langbaine tells us that he once witnessed a real tragedy in the pit, when Mr Scroop was mortally wounded by Sir Thomas Armstrong, and died immediately afterwards on his removal to a house opposite to the theatre. The custom of rioting and fighting in the pit at last grew to such a height, that Dryden openly appealed to the public against it, charging them, as Christians, to abandon such barbarous practices.

'Next in the play-house spare your precious lives,
Think, like good Christians, on your beams and wives,
Think on your souls; but by your lugging forth,
It seems you know how little they are worth.'

Dryden touched nothing lightly; and whenever he set about lashing the town he did it thoroughly, and with a masculine energy that must have astounded the audience. From the readiness of the gallants to 'lug forth' upon every trifling occasion, it must be concluded that they were exceedingly quarrelsome in their bravery; nor is there any reason to doubt that, for the most part, they possessed that equivocal species of noisy valour which lays its account in total recklessness of soul and body. Buckingham's duel with Lord Shrewsbury, while his antagonist's wife held his horse, is a characteristic instance of that dare-devil genius, by which nearly the whole class of drinking, high-mettled pleasure-hunters were inspired; and the depravity that instantly followed the death of Shrewsbury, who was killed on the field, betrays the heartlessness and baseness with which it was associated. Nothing could be more remote from true courage than the fool-hardiness and audacious swagger of the coffee-house fribblers, who were so prompt with their oaths and rapiers in the pit. It was, in fact, mere bullying, loud-voiced bravado, and rakish effrontery; and bore no nearer affinity to the fine-tempered gallantry of the Bayards and the Sydneys than the naked grossness of Rochester to the tender delicacy of Surrey. There can be no doubt that this rake-belly spirit frequently degenerated into rufianism, and that neither the costly blade that swung by the side of the coxcomb, nor the laced coat, nor the flowing wig, nor the point ruffles, were always assurances of gentle breeding. In a quarrel which took place at the bar of the Rose Tavern, after the play, in Cibber's time, a promising young actor was murdered, under circumstances which exposed his aristocratic assailants to a strong suspicion of having acted with cowardly brutality. In the days of the Star Chamber, not a great number of years before, numerous cases of violence were brought before that tribunal, and punished with heavy fines. Sir George Markham was amerced in 10,000*l.* for striking Lord Darcy's huntaman, who had provoked him with foul language; and Morley was mulcted in a like sum for striking Sir G. Theobald in the court

of Whitehall. But, perhaps, the most remarkable personal outrage was that which was committed on Sir John Suckling by young Digby, a brother of Sir Kenelm. Digby was a rival suitor for the hand of Sir Henry Willoughby's daughter, and meeting Suckling on the highway, he demanded of him that he would relinquish the lady, and sign a paper on the spot to that effect. Suckling, of course, refused, when Digby told him he would force him to it, to which Suckling answered that nothing could force him. Digby then fell upon him ferociously with a cudgel of a yard long, and beat him until it broke to a handful. The extraordinary part of the affair was, that Suckling never offered to draw his sword all the while; and that two of his men, who were in attendance upon him, looked on without attempting to interfere. To mend the matter, young Willoughby, who came up at the moment, was questioned in a like saucy manner, and, upon his refusing to satisfy such menacing inquiries, Digby struck him three or four blows on the face with his fist."—*Ainsworth's Magazine*.

SPECIMEN OF RUSSIAN FICTION— THE HANGING GUEST.

ALARM, danger, and pain, are, in all civilized countries, pressed into the service of pleasure. In 'The Story-Teller' we have a curious specimen of the inventions employed in Russia to gratify the lovers of light reading. It is called 'The Hanging Guest,' and tells of a young female being left alone in charge of a large country house expecting her lover. A knock is heard; she opens the door, when a stranger enters, who frankly avows his profession to be that of a thief. He compels the female to assist his views; loads himself with booty, conversing with her all the time. We then read—

Chatting in this fashion with himself and with Duna, he crammed his pockets with money, watches, and trinkets, and then turned abruptly to the half dead girl. "Well, my love, your choice? Waste no time; tell me, what death will you die?"

"Well, I'm sure! Ar'n't you ashamed, sir? It is a very ugly joke this."

"I am not joking at all, my sweet one."

"What have I done to you? You have taken whatever you pleased; I did not hinder you."

"That's very true; but do you see, I can't abide leaving eyewitnesses behind me: I wash my hands of them by all means. With others I don't stand on ceremony; but as you, my love, are such a nice, good-natured, amiable little dear, I will give you your choice of death. I love politeness: I, too, have been brought up in St Petersburg —"

Still she would not believe that he was in earnest.

"Now then, let's have it at once; I have no time to lose. Let us put compliments

aside. I am extremely sorry, but you must die by my hand. I am not going to be such a fool as to let you live, to tell what sort of moustachios, eyes, nose, clothes, &c., I have got—what I did here, and which way I went. Now, Avdotya Yermeyevna, answer quickly."

Every word of her cold-blooded torturer was a dagger-stroke to her: her whole blood, all the warm current of her life, curdled back upon her heart; her limbs grew icy cold, and floods of tears poured over her inanimate face. She tottered and fell to the floor. In her fall she caught the robber's foot, and kissed it. "Have mercy on me!" she shrieked. "Oh, spare my life, I implore you! I swear to you before the Holy Virgin, I will not say a syllable to any one. May I never see heaven, if I do! For the sake of the blessed St Nicholas, have compassion upon me! I will pray all my life for you, as for my own father, my brother —"

The inexorable miscreant shook her off from his foot, kicking her in the breast. In vain she raised her imploring looks and arms towards him; in vain she sought to touch his stony heart with all that intense despair—and the clinging love for a youthful, joyous existence—could breathe into the words, the voice, and the tears of a helpless being. The villain, harder than granite, grew every moment more cruel and savage. Raging with impatience, he caught her by the hair, forced back her head, drew his knife from his boot, and was about to plunge it in her throat.

"Oh, oh! for the love of heaven!" sobbed the unfortunate girl, beside herself at the sight of the terrible knife; hang me!—hang me! No bloody death! Mercy! mercy! Hang me rather!"

"Ay, ay," he said, with a hideous grin: "so you can speak at last. Why did you not say so at once. I have lost a deal of time already; still I can't refuse you the favour; you are such a nice girl! Don't be afraid, Duna! You shall die in the pleasantest manner. It is an ugly death that of the knife. If I might choose myself, I would rather be hanged than knouted, when my time comes. We will look about for a cord."

The wretched girl, powerless in mind and body through terror, cold as ice, trembling and almost lifeless, submitted to all his commands. The rope was soon found, and the murderer returned with his victim to the same room where the remains of the breakfast still stood upon the table. He threatened to kill her instantly if she stirred from the spot where she stood—placed a chair on the table—and sprang nimbly upon it. Having fastened the rope round the beam, he drew the knife from his boot, cut off the projecting part of the rope, stuck the knife into

the beam, and set about making a double running knot on the rope. Duna stood motionless in the middle of the room: heat and cold rushed alternately through her frame; sparks of fire danced before her eyes; she saw nothing; she did nothing but pray, confess her sins, commend herself to all the saints, and mentally bid farewell to all that was dear to her in life.

"Presently, presently, my precious!" said the murderer, going on with his work, "you shall see how nicely I will hang you. I am not a new hand at the job. Do you see now, all is ready, only we must try whether the rope is strong enough. I would not for the world you should fall to the ground and break your ribs. It is for your interest and my own that—Draw the chair away from under my feet."

Duna unconsciously went up to the table and drew away the chair; whilst the robber held the rope fast in both hands, having slipped it over one arm up to the elbow, to convince himself of its strength by swinging on it with the whole weight of his body.

"Push the table aside," Duna did so.

"All right: it is a capital rope; it would bear more than you—you and me together."

He now let go the rope, intending to jump to the ground. Apparently it was his purpose to startle the poor girl by the bold and sudden leap; but the noose intended for her, gliding along his arm, caught him fast by the wrist. Duna's executioner had, in fact, hanged himself by the hand.

Though experiencing the most acute pain, he wished to conceal his critical position from the girl, that she might not avail herself of it to escape. He tried to reach the imprisoned hand with his left; but the weight of his body prevented his bringing his shoulders parallel. Suddenly he began to whirl and fling himself wildly through the air, hoping the rope would snap: but in vain! If he had but the knife in his boot, he might have severed it, or, at the worst, have cut off his hand, and saved himself by flight. But, unluckily for him, the knife was sticking in the beam. How was he to get at it?

He thought of one means—a desperate one—the last. He collected all his strength to shake the knife out with a powerful spring. The effort failed.

The weight of his heavy frame dangling in the air by one hand only, his violent efforts, the pressure of the tight-drawn knot, occasioned the villain intense torture; the joints of his arms cracked and began to part; the blood oozed out under the rope from the lacerated skin, and trickled into the sleeve of his cloak; while that of the rest of his frame rushed from the extremities to his head. Every moment it

seemed as if the hand would be torn off. He even wished that it might. His anxiety lest the people of the house should return ; his dread of being taken in this predicament ; impatience, rage ; the thought of his misdeeds, of his punishment, all his guilty life ; all this possessed his tumultuous imagination, and brought his dark soul to despair. Cold sweat broke from his forehead. In spite of his tiger-like endurance, a cry of agony burst, at last, from his iron bosom.

Duna, petrified, and thinking only of death, had hitherto looked on in idiotic indifference. For a long time she did not understand what he was doing, and made no attempt to understand it. True, she was still standing upright like a living thing, but living she was not. The involuntary cry of the murderer waked her, however, from her trance. She saw him bleeding, as if it were half a dream : she saw blood on the floor—a hideous gaping mouth, with great misshapen teeth, red fiery eyes starting from the socket ; she read his anguish in his ghastly distorted features, and guessed at last what had happened. Hope animated her : she began to think of deliverance.

"Avdotya ! push the table nearer," said the robber, in altered, but still harsh and commanding accents, that terrified her again, and compelled her to blind obedience. Once more she lost her presence of mind, and pushed the corner of the table towards him. The villain reached it with the toes of one foot ; he raised himself up a few lines. It was for him a moment of heavenly enjoyment. Never in his whole life had he known one like it—not even after the most successful murder. His agony was less intolerable ; he drew breath again ; but his left hand, which he tried to use to free his right, was benumbed and powerless. The knot, too, had grown too tight ; the reprobate felt that he could do no more without aid.

"Avdotya Yeremeyevna !—kind friend !—good girl ! do me the favour ; jump upon the table ; untie my arm—pray do ! I will not kill you ; I only meant to frighten you. Oh ! how my head swims !"

The miscreant's torture touched the kind-hearted girl's soul. The feeling of compassion not unfrequently extinguishes in women the thought of their own danger. That woman thinks with her heart has been said thousands of times since the invention of printing. In Duna's bosom compassion prevailed over fear, and stifled the voice of self-preservation. She sprang upon the table, and laboured long and hard at the knot. She could not undo it.

"Do me the favour, sweet, sweet Duna ! Fetch a knife—cut the cursed rope—I am dying with pain."

The girl jumped off the table and ran to

the pantry. Poor creature ! she little knew the return the red-nosed guest was prepared to make for her kindness of heart. She found a knife ; she hurried back ; she was on the threshold of the scene of torture, when the table on which the robber had rested his foot, turned over with a loud noise. He had upset it in endeavouring to change his feet. Once more he was swinging with all his weight in the air. A piercing yell told the sudden renewal of his former tortures. Duna stopped short at the door. His hideously distorted face struck her with involuntary horror ; she thought it was Satan's own features she beheld. The sight rivetted her to the spot where she stood : she shuddered, and dared not move a step forwards.

She looked round and saw a window open. The thought flashed upon her that she might avail herself of the circumstance. But he suffers so dreadfully ! How frightfully he screams ! The rope must be cut. Duna advanced a few steps. That horrid gaping mouth ! Duna tottered back, and mechanically, unconscious of what she did, she raised herself to the window ledge, and dropped from it into the court yard.

When she was in the court yard she knew not what she had done, or what she was to do. She had escaped the sight of that ferocious satanic mouth, but not the influence of her tormentor. He had fascinated her. He was still lord of her life. Her knees trembled, she dared not withdraw from the window.

"Ha ! devil's jade !" howled the miscreant savagely ; "you have done cleverly. I'd have slit your throat like a chicken's."

These words, uttered in unspeakable agony and despair, suddenly rallied the girl's energies. She ran to the gate, the monster's horrid jest had proved his horrid punishment. Could he have supposed that he tied the knot for himself ? Could he have supposed that that awful moment, in which her foot hung over the grave, should be the moment of deliverance to the innocent, and of exemplary punishment to the guilty ? Here was the finger of Providence. It is everywhere. It is a falsehood to maintain that vice and crime alone prosper in this world.

She ran, and ran, till her strength was nigh exhausted : no one was in sight. She ran further ; her breath failed ; her limbs tottered ; she dared not look round lest she should again see that fearful mouth, lest she should again fall into the hands of her persecutor. Nowhere a living soul.

She struggled up a rising ground.

"Ah ! there is our butler ; and there is Vaska ; and Prochor. Ah ! he, too, is with them."

He, to wit, the incomparable Ivan, the governor's valet. They were all returning

home together from the brandy shop, careless and happy, singing love songs, cracking jokes upon their masters, with their caps set jauntily on one side, and tacking along the road in easy zig-zags. Duna ran towards them, pale, with staring eyes and flying hair; her neck uncovered—her wits bewildered. "Come along! quick! quick!" she screamed. "He is hanging! hanging! hanging!—the villain is hanging! faster! faster!"

"Hey, darling little dove of the woods!" they all cried to her, with a laugh; "who is hanging? Where is he hanging? Give us a kiss, Dunushka. 'Tis a merry world."

"He is hanging, I tell you! Don't laugh. Run to the house. Take forks, hatchets, guns—a thief—a murderer, with great mustachios and a red nose! He said he would slit my throat like a chicken's; that he'd hang me!"

They hastened their steps, armed themselves as well as they could, broke the house door open, and went into the parlour. The robber had fainted; blood streamed from his mouth and nose; the arm by which he hung had grown nearly a foot longer. They took him down and bound him. After the return of the master and mistress of the house, he was conveyed the same evening to prison, and delivered into the hands of Justice! and Justice could not but own, with astonishment, that never till then had so long an arm come before her.

WANTED—A BUNN.

ON THE CLOSING OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

THE Covent Garden folks say, last Week, Buns went off so very fast
Good Friday, Saturday, Sunday,
And had such an extended run
That there was not a single Bunn
To feed upon last Monday.

DICK BUSKIN.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—THE ESQUIMAUX.—The Ethnological Society at Dr Hodgkin's, in Lower Brook street, was very fully attended on Tuesday. Dr R. King, the traveller, delivered a most interesting discourse 'On the Habits of the Esquimaux,' which was illustrated with numerous representations of their habitations, boats, weapons, and costume. Much singular and original information was supplied. Among their peculiarities it was stated they are extremely partial to blood, using it as drink or food. They are becoming very fond of tea, and various luxuries, to purchase which they are content to part from their boats, their weapons, and, in a word, everything that is most needful to their support. Those among

them who have most communication with the Southern traders frequently return to their homes, destitute of everything. They are mainly occupied in catching the walrus, the whale, and the seal. The first is the most dangerous, the second the most arduous, and the third the most important business of their lives. Their course of proceeding in each case was very minutely pictured. Taking fish with the line, though they angle for salmon and cod, they hold in contempt. Among them, he who can kill the greatest number of seals is the most famous. It is by his prowess in this strife that the Esquimaux wooes his mistress. His success in chasing the seal wins the smile of the fair, and the animal, the object of his constant pursuit, is thus commonly made the *seal of love*. The women do not lead idle lives among the Esquimaux. They are obliged to officiate as butchers, tanners, and shoemakers. A most curious paper on this subject, by a distinguished member of the society, will appear in the next number of 'The Mirror.'

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—Colonel Challoner brought forward the report of the Derby committee, on the arrangements for the ensuing meeting, connected with the show-yard, dinners, trial of implement field, &c. Mr Colville, M.P., chairman of the committee, stated that the directors of the Midland Counties Railway had decided to supply any number of special trains on that occasion, requiring only the usual fares for passengers, and half the fares for cattle and farming implements. Dr Lyon Playfair was elected analysing chemist to the society. Mr Pusey stated that Dr Playfair was engaged in establishing at Manchester a chemical laboratory for the purposes of his scientific investigations, connected with the subject of agricultural chemistry.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Mr Murchison announced a donation from Lord F. Egerton, of the original drawings of Professor Agassiz, of fossil fishes.—A paper was read upon the 'Beds containing Fresh-water Fossils in the Oolitic Coal-field of Brora, Sutherlandshire,' by Mr Robertson. During an excursion to the oolitic district of Sutherlandshire, Mr Robertson discovered among the reefs of shale and coal opposite the old salt-pans at Brora, two beds abounding in Cycloas and other fresh-water fossils, which have hitherto escaped notice. They lie beneath the beds of calcareous sandstone, considered by Mr Phillips to represent the gray limestone of Cloughton and other localities in Yorkshire. The uppermost is shale, with fossils, about an inch in thickness; it contains remains of fishes of the genera *Lepidotus* and *Megalurus*, mollusca of the genera *Paludina* and *Cyclus*, and crustacea of the genus *Cypris*.

The lower bed of clay, with fossils, about thirteen inches thick, and contains fish-remains of the genera *Lepidotus*, *Acrodus*, and *Hybodus*; molluscs of the genera *Paludina*, *Perna*, *Unio*, and *Cyclas*, the same species of *Cypris* as in the upper bed, and minute fragments of carbonised wood. Nearly the whole mass of both beds consists of fossils. No marine fossils, with the exception perhaps of the scales of *Lepidotus*, are found in the upper bed, and Mr Robertson regards it as a fresh-water deposit, whilst the mixed nature of the fossils of the lower one conclusively point out its estuary nature.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—The paper read was by Mr Mackain, engineer of the Glasgow water-works, giving an historical account of the various plans projected and executed for supplying that city with water. The statement commenced in 1755, at which period Mr Gibson, in his history of the city, noticed the want of foot-pavements, street-lights, and supply of water, &c., which was at that time drawn from wells in the streets. In 1780 it was proposed to bring, for the supply of the whole city, the water of a spring which is now found inadequate to the wants of a House of Refuge, since erected near it. Mr Telford was consulted, and on his recommendation two steam-engines were erected, with reservoirs, &c. His estimate of the requisite supply for a population of 80,000 persons was 500 gallons per minute, supposing that 6,000 families would become renters, and the produce, at 2*l.* each family, would be about 12,000*l.* per annum. The population in 1842 was 300,000, and the annual income was about 30,500*l.*, making the average payment about 9*s.* per annum for each family. There are now thirteen steam-engines, with their requisite filters, reservoirs, &c. The facts detailed were valuable for reference.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—The business of the sitting commenced with the report from M. Arago on the comet. He estimates the rate of speed at which it travels as 104 leagues per second, or 15 times swifter than the earth.—A paper by M. Agassiz, on the following question, 'What is the Age of the largest Glacier of the Swiss Alps?' was then read. M. Agassiz states that the beds of snow which fall annually on these elevated regions may be easily ascertained, and concludes that the entire mass of ice and snow of which the glacier of the Aar, one of the largest in Switzerland, is composed, will in less than two centuries have given way, and be replaced by the new deposits which will be made during that period. According to M. Agassiz, the glacier of Aletsch, the largest in Switzerland, has melted away and been renewed within three or four centuries.

The Cat.

A Cat's Friendship.—Bird Althorp mentions a cat that had been brought up in amity with a bird, and being one day observed to seize suddenly hold of the latter, which happened to be perched outside its cage, on examining it was found that a stray cat had got into the room, and that this alarming step was a manoeuvre to save the bird till the intruder should depart.

Extraordinary Phenomenon.—When the 'Anne Bridson,' which arrived in this port from Valparaiso last week, after a quick passage of eighty-four days, was off the River Plate, the captain and crew suffered the greatest inconvenience from the state of the atmosphere, which for two days was so fetid as to make it difficult for them to breathe; and the effects of their exposure to this air did not cease when the atmosphere became pure, but continued to be felt during the remainder of the voyage, many of the crew having been ill from that time.—*Liverpool Times.*

A Mortar for the Pasha of Egypt.—A large mortar, cast at the foundry of Messrs Walker and Co., Woolwich, for Mehemet Ali, and weighing thirteen tons, was proved last week at the butt in the Royal Arsenal. The diameter of the bore of this mortar is twenty inches, and the charge of powder was 80 lbs. weight. The ball fired on this occasion weighed 1,010 lbs., and required a number of men, with a powerful pinion lever, to move it into the mortar. On being fired the ball entered the butt, throwing the earth to a great height, and the piece of ordnance itself, notwithstanding its immense weight, recoiled about from eighteen to twenty feet. On examining the mortar after it was fired, it appeared quite perfect.

Bees.—Stocks of bees should now be examined, by lifting them up gently from their stands to clear away any filth or dead bees, moths, &c.; and, where they are light and numerous, give them a liberal feeding. It has been found that a pound of good honey, given at this season of the year, when it can only be obtained by them in small quantities, will save them from starvation. When the spring is wet, cold, and unfavourable, they may be fed with great advantage, until the middle of May, by mixing a pound of the best honey in a wine glass of water, and incorporating them together. Give it them in a plate or saucer in their hives, and the liquid covered with a piece of perforated paper. Plaster old straw hives with Roman cement, or even with common mortar; they will last for many years. They may be made ornamental, and will do well as stocks to swarm in. The bees and combs should not be taken from the old hives.

Russia.—Mr Voskressensky, a member of the Imperial University, having analysed the different sorts of coal found in the south of Russia, has drawn up a comparative table of their qualities. The result shows that the best Russian coal, which is to be found in the territory of the Cossacks of the Don, contains 94·234 per cent. of carbon, and the most inferior, that of Teflis, contains 63·649 per cent. of carbon. A comparative table of analyses of the coals of England and France is added, according to which the best of all, the Newcastle coal, contains only 84·846 per cent. of carbon, and the best of the French coal only 9·198 per cent. Thus the coal of Grouchevskaja surpasses in quality the best English and French coals.

Bad Taste of a Linnet.—Lord Brougham, when a boy, had a green linnet, or rather a mongrel between that and a goldfinch, which, being placed in the kitchen, left its own fine and sweet notes to take to an imitation, and, he says, a very good and exceedingly discordant one, off jack, which, being ill-constructed, generally squeaked as if it wanted oiling.

The late Mrs Honey.—It is not generally known that Mrs Honey was on the point of entering on a new professional career when she was called away by death. Her voice had gained such extraordinary strength, that it had been resolved she should come out in Opera, when it was expected her great powers would astonish the town.

The Merchant Taylors.—The loyalty of the Merchant Taylors in King Charles the First's time compelled them to part with their Irish estates; and so far did they carry their zeal, that they sold their silver "and irons" in their venerable hearth in their livery parlour to aid in the cause. King James dining in what is called the King's Chamber, the Master petitioned him to become a Liveryman of the Merchant Taylors' Company. "I cannot," said the monarch, "being one; but Chawley shall;" upon which the Prince and several noblemen present were admitted.

A Royal Widower's Soliloquy.—It is related that Henry VIII was at Havering, in Essex, when Anne Boleyn was executed, and was walking upon a terrace belonging to the palace at the moment of the unfortunate Queen's decapitation. By the firing of guns, or some signal, he had the speediest intelligence of this despicable assassination, and immediately exclaimed—

"—here I stand,

As jolly a widower as any in the land."

Ben Jonson and Shakspeare.—"It was a general opinion (says Pope) that Ben Jonson and Shakspeare lived in enmity against one another. Betterton has assured me often that there was nothing in it, and that such a supposition was founded only on the two

parties, which in their lifetime listed under one, and endeavoured to lessen the character of the other mutually. Dryden used to think that the verses Jonson made on Shakspeare's death had something of satire at the bottom; for my part I can't discover anything like it in them."

Mr Fox on Theatricals.—Mr Fox used to say that 'Inkle and Yarico' was the best opera in the English language with the simple exception of the 'Beggars' Opera,' the wit in which was so simple and intelligible that it was adapted to every taste.

The Devil Baffled.—In the neighbourhood of Ipswich it was common, thirty or forty years ago, for stable-keepers to hang up a flint stone, with a natural hole through it, in the stable, to prevent the devil riding the horses in the night, which they declared he would do if the stone did not hang there.

A Puritan.—Colley Cibber was called in his day a puritan, an enthusiast, a man over-scrupulous, and, as in modern times we should say, ultra-righteous, because he corrected the ribaldry, the indecency, and the indelicacy which had long disgraced the stage under the authority of fashion.

—A very delicate vegetable, quite equal to seakale or asparagus, and of a taste intermediate between the two, may be easily raised in any quantity by any one who has a few square yards of garden ground, at different times during the winter and spring, according as the succession of crop is required. Plant ten or twelve turnips (any delicate kind) as closely as possible, and cover them with a box or seakale pot: heap fermenting stable litter over and around, as for seakale; and in about the same time, or a fortnight more, a crop of blanched sprouts will make their appearance.

Cydonia Japonica.—The fruit of pyrus, or cydonia, japonica, mixed with apple in a tart, is a very good substitute for quince. —[It is a sort of quince.]

Erratum.—In the "Comet" for April, in the last number of "The Mirror" but one, for "still and moving all," read "still and moving life."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Last Moments of Remarkable Characters*," No. II, has been received.

If the MS. mentioned by M. T. is left at the office, it will be attended to. Might it not be well to forward a description of it in the first instance?

The Editor will be glad to hear from David, and from Z. B. The subjects mentioned are not objectionable. Rational variety is our object.

Lady Bulwer's Lampoons, we think, given alone, and without explanation, would be anything but agreeable to our readers.

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